

America



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A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

GROSVENOR LINE

DEC 22 1949

*While all things were in quiet silence
and the night was in the midst of her
course Thy almighty Word leapt down
from Heaven from Thy royal throne*

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Christmas greetings

At the holy season of Christmas the staff of AMERICA gets almost a physical feeling of the deep religious bond uniting us with our readers. At other seasons of the year our task of trying to report for them the kaleidoscopic fluctuations in domestic and foreign events sometimes distracts us from having a sense of intimate communion with our subscribers. To anyone who takes the trouble to glance through our Index, this fading in and fading out of our feeling of deep spiritual fellowship in Christ will surely seem understandable. We know, and you know, that we *always* dwell together as members of the household of the same Faith. The truths by which we judge what men do and say are God's truths, the truths which He has condescended to reveal to us all through His only-begotten Son, the Christ-Child. The social principles we invoke are those proposed in accordance with God's moral order by Christ's own Church. We do not claim, and have never claimed, that every position we take on every current issue is the only position a Catholic can take. We have to balance many factors in reaching editorial conclusions. When we approach the anniversary of Our Lord's birth, however, we naturally think less in terms of such editorial conclusions and more in terms of the common heritage of truth and grace, "the unsearchable riches of Christ," which we and our readers and all true believers hold as our most precious possession. Our minds and hearts warm with the prayer that all our readers and their families and friends will be drawn closer to Christ Our Lord and to His Blessed Mother during this Christmastide. May the Divine Infant bless you in every way, not only for these few days but throughout the Year of Our Lord, a new year of grace, the Holy Year of 1950!

Holy Year 1950

When Pope Pius XII strikes the great Holy Door on Christmas eve, it will fall open into the massive church of St. Peter. The Holy Father will enter. This opening is the symbol of the great outpouring of God's mercy in the Holy Year. Once the vespers of the eve of Christmas are chanted, vast throngs will crowd into the basilica, the first pilgrims of the year of grace. These people will be in Rome in answer to the Pope's call for penance, for holy and prayerful action in the midst of a world that tends to respect only physical might. That evening there will be only a few hundred Americans in the multitude, though many thousands of our fellow-citizens will flock to Rome in the course of the year. Most Americans, despite their ardent desire to share in the special gifts of God's mercy, will be obliged by distance and cares to remain at home. Both those who stay behind and those who go have their own work to do in the Holy Year. In the name of Christ, the Holy Father pleads for a great renewal of religious fervor. To attain this, all must pray and labor. He petitions all to correct their faults and strive for an increase of personal sanctity. He calls to all those outside the Catholic Church, even to those who have fallen away from it, and to its enemies, that they who wish to may enter the Church during this Holy Year.

CURRENT COMMENT

That requires much good example. Pope Pius begs for fidelity to Our Lord and to the Church. It is only through each individual's actions, subject to God's grace, that full spiritual blessings will be brought to the world in this Holy Year opening on Christmas eve.

Labor is out down under

On December 10, Australia's 5 million voters threw out their fourteen-year-old Labor Government in favor of a new Liberal-Country Party Coalition Government headed by Robert Gordon Menzies, leader of the Liberal Party and Prime Minister from 1931 to 1941. Election returns, as far as they were counted three days later, gave the Coalition 73 of the newly expanded House of Representatives' 123 seats, while Labor held 48. In the Senate, the Labor Party will keep its majority, since fifteen of its Senators will hold over until 1953. The popular vote over the whole country showed how close a fight it really was. Combined poll for the Coalition was 49.5 per cent of the total votes cast to the Labor Party's 46.8 per cent. The new Government is pledged to prevent further socialization, to abolish gasoline rationing and other wartime controls, to extend family allowances, to reduce taxes, to make the secret ballot compulsory in trade-union strike votes, to restore compulsory military training, to ban the Communist Party. The latter's voting strength sank to 33,900 votes, just half what it was in 1946. The most popular plank in the Coalition platform promised to denationalize the Commonwealth Bank. There is no question of discontinuing or curtailing the Labor Party's social services. Mr. Menzies agrees with ex-Prime Minister Joseph B. Chifley, leader of the defeated Laborites, that private monopoly should be socialized when it is prejudicial to the public interest. He feels, however, that socialization is beginning to throttle free enterprise. Australian Catholics seemed to divide their support fairly evenly between Coalition and Labor, in spite of the sharp warnings of Dr. Leslie Rumble, well-known radio priest and author. Dr. Rumble feared that another Labor term might bring unrestricted socialization, which would be against Catholic consciences. Archbishop Daniel Mannix of Melbourne, however, had told Catholics frankly to vote as they judged best. By week's end, students of politics had forgotten the two Dominions and had turned their attention back to Britain, the real arena of the welfare state.

Natural Law Institute

The Third Natural Law Institute was held at the University of Notre Dame on December 9-10. As we often refer to the "natural law," our readers will be interested in the definition of it given by Dean Clarence E. Manion of the University's College of Law:

The natural law is man's understanding through his reason of the eternal law of God. It presumes the existence of a Creator of man's nature as a human being, and it presumes man's ability through his unaided reason to know what he ought to do in relation to his fellow man.

Since it is linked to human nature, natural law has no limitations of time or place, but binds equally all over the globe. All human laws, to have validity, must be conclusions or determinations of the natural law.

Man's rights thus come from God and his nature, and not from the state. The natural law expects the state merely to secure and preserve the rights which God gave to man.

The last sentence unduly restricts the scope of state-made law. "Merely to secure and preserve the rights which God gave to man" emphasizes too much the *negative* function of the state: the protection of human rights against violation by others. This negative function is expressed in the Preamble to our Federal Constitution by the words:

... in order to . . . establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, . . . and to secure the blessings of liberty. . . .

The state also has great *positive* functions, expressed in our Constitution by the sweeping phrase, "to promote the general welfare." The state is therefore an agency by which a people can achieve great benefits far beyond those to which they can show any strict claim in rights guaranteed by natural law. The state even has a big hand in *constituting* some rights, e.g., property rights.

POAU convicts itself

Any lingering charitable hope we may have had that the organization called Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State may be sincere, though sadly misinformed, now has to be kissed goodbye. POAU's *Church and State Newsletter* clearly convicts the organization either of crass ignorance or of bigoted misrepresentation when it plugs "Avro Manhattan's" book, *The Vatican in World Politics* (Gaer Associates) in an offer to distribute it on a non-profit

basis to clubs, groups and individuals. The book, written under a pseudonym, first appeared in England in 1948. It is a singularly inept, unscholarly and slovenly presentation. Though the blurb speaks of "this heavily documented study," "considerable research," "astonishing abundance of documentation," there is no documentary evidence whatever. There are hundreds of statements, quotations, incidents, and not a single footnote in the volume. In the relatively few references in the text, no notation of page or edition is cited. There are innumerable mishandlings of proper names and uncounted errors of fact. "Mr. Manhattan's" predecessors in the genre would be ashamed of him. To add to the misrepresentations in the text, the publishers state that it "does not deal with the Catholic Church as a faith or a religious system," but as "a worldwide political organization." At least nine-tenths of the book deals with the religious activities of the Church. Further, the quality of the publishers may be judged from the fact that this book betrays a heavy bias in favor of Soviet Russia and that a subsequent book of theirs, *The People Don't Know*, by George Seldes, a notorious party-liner, goes so far in hatred of the Church as to claim that "neither the Soviet Union nor the New Eastern States have attacked religion."

Of ignorance and/or mendacity

"Manhattan's" book has been reviewed for what it is in other than Catholic sources. Paul Hutchinson, editor of the *Christian Century*, thinks that American Protestants should be made "suspicious of the reliability of this book," which contains "too many . . . sweeping and unsupported assertions to make it possible to regard it as a dependable source" (*New York Times Book Review*, Dec. 11). Martin Ebon, the authority on communism, says in the *New Republic* (Oct. 10): "Anyone who has been looking for a thoroughly objective book on the subject, for a critical but fair evaluation, will be disappointed." If POAU does not know these facts about the book, they are guilty of culpable ignorance. If they do know the facts and still push the bigoted volume as a fair statement of the place of the Vatican in world affairs, their fault is even more serious. In that case they ought to consider the advisability of dropping the word "Americans" from their name.

An amazing flipflop

When the Taft-Hartley Act was passed in 1947, many employers favored the provision requiring NLRB elections as a condition for bargaining on the union shop. Influenced by Westbrook Pegler's caricature of unionism, they were hopeful that their loyal employees, in the secrecy of the voting booth, would assert their independence of the labor goons and plump for the open shop. With one voice—a loud and outraged voice—labor leaders opposed the election requirement. Now, somewhat more than two years later, the roles have been reversed. Employers want to get rid of union-shop elections as quickly as possible; labor leaders would just as soon continue them a while longer. In this amazing flipflop there is much

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more reason than madness. From August, 1947 to November 1, 1949, NLRB conducted 34,444 union-shop elections and in all but 950 cases the workers voted overwhelmingly for a union shop. The balloting has put employers behind the eight-ball. They find it very hard to resist a demand for a union shop that has been supported by the majority of their employees in an official government election. For the same reason, labor leaders have come to see a virtue in this section of Taft-Hartley which they missed completely when the law was enacted. Furthermore, they find it much easier now to maintain that trade unions are essentially democratic organizations, and to show that the Peglerian picture of labor czars dragooning unwilling workers into union ranks is essentially false. When Congress assembles in January, some effort will surely be made to knock union-shop elections out of Taft-Hartley. They have not only backfired on their sponsors; they have turned out to be a flagrant waste of taxpayers' money. Recent petitions for elections covering 2 million workers in steel and autos will strengthen congressional sentiment for repeal. Only Senator Byrd, inveterate critic of government waste, knows how much this useless balloting would cost.

The West's new Frontier

Just a century after the '49-ers rushed into California the three Pacific Coast States have reached a total population a bit shy of 15 million. California alone has grown by 3 million since 1940. The impact of new people has been matched by that of new industries. Both have generated an array of acute social problems. Will the West pioneer in finding better solutions to them than the experience of the rest of the country can provide? Gifford Phillips, young Denver millionaire, hopes so. Already the owner of several local and county newspapers and radio stations, he has launched a new West Coast liberal weekly review, *Frontier: The Voice of the New West*, published in Beverly Hills, California. Its first issue, for November 15, 1949, runs to only eight pages, but new features will be added. The West has a rhythm, a buoyancy, all its own. It needs an independent organ of authentic liberal opinion. If *Frontier* avoids the ideological arthritis of the *Nation* and keeps the cinders of a cliquish secularism out of its eyes, it may fill the bill. Americans are surfeited with prefabricated party lines. California has already produced more than enough extremism and fads. If *Frontier* strives for objectivity and balance, it may well become an important journal in the burgeoning West. Unemployment in California is expected to reach a total of 600,000 persons this winter, out of a total working force of 4.4 millions. The food canning and processing industry is subject to severe seasonal fluctuations. Progressive journalism could help in finding solutions to such problems.

New tack on anti-trust

Secretary of Commerce Sawyer announced on December 4 that, at the request of the President, a special government interagency committee would investigate the possibility of a positive approach to the anti-trust laws.

Heretofore, Mr. Sawyer explained, "government efforts in this field have been confined primarily to prosecuting those alleged to be guilty or proceeding against those suspected of unfair trade practices." He intimated that this negative approach ignored the fact that "most businessmen want to obey the law and try conscientiously to do so." If they sometimes fail, the Secretary suggested, the reason may be that "there is much unnecessary confusion at present as to what the law prohibits and what it permits." Hence the need of an educational program designed to acquaint businessmen with the ins and outs of anti-trust legislation and to assist them in observing it. Since Congress is currently investigating the problem of monopoly, including the administration of the anti-trust laws, Mr. Sawyer's announcement launched a wave of speculation. In Washington, where people habitually seek a hidden motive behind even the most transparent action, the question was asked, why this spurt of activity in the Executive Department of the Government? Though no responsible answer has been forthcoming, it is reasonable to suppose that the Administration has become concerned over charges, widespread in business circles, that it has used in the past, and is today using, the anti-trust laws for political purposes. If this is true, the new and benignant approach to anti-trust enforcement requested by President Truman will help to reassure jittery businessmen.

Good as far as it goes

Regardless of Mr. Truman's motives in asking the executive agencies to develop a new approach to anti-trust enforcement, the action itself is commendable. It is unfortunately true that there are obscurities in our anti-monopoly laws which the courts have not succeeded in clarifying. There is also a well-grounded suspicion that the whole legislative approach to the problems of competition and monopoly badly needs a thorough overhauling. It would be unfortunate, therefore, if the interagency committee which Secretary Sawyer is organizing should restrict itself to educating businessmen in the fine points of present legislation. Though the need for enlightenment is real, it can easily be exaggerated. Big business in this country maintains a whole battery of highly paid lawyers whose main concern is the study and knowledge of the anti-trust laws; and many law firms are prepared to offer their services in monopoly cases to trade associations and smaller businesses which cannot afford a full-time legal staff. While it is true that even the most competent lawyer cannot always tell what the courts will decide in anti-trust cases, many are sufficiently informed to give safe advice in the vast majority of cases. The obscurities in the law should not blind us to the fact that in many respects it is abundantly clear. While some businessmen unwittingly violate it, others do so with their eyes wide open. What the latter want from lawyers is not knowledge of the law, but knowledge of the means by which its intent and purpose can be legally evaded. So far as such businessmen are concerned, the President's new approach is mostly a waste of time.

WASHINGTON FRONT

I recently received a letter from a friendly critic in the Midwest, which I quote in full:

I gather from your December 3 column that you approve heartily of the welfare state. Does that include, for example, socialized medicine? I believe it does for many of your readers.

Undoubtedly REA (like TVA and some other agencies) is an outstanding example of Federal Government acceptance of responsibility *where and to the extent that this was necessary* to accomplish a necessary or legitimate end. But is the welfare state that is before the public today, and that Senator-elect Lehman so recently endorsed, going to exercise such restraint as to stimulate private corporate enterprise of the cooperative type? Or is it going to proceed in the manner of Laborite Britain? Is not "welfare state" really a dangerously ambiguous or at least undefined term?

In a previous issue (AM. 11/5/49), I had endeavored to clarify my meaning of the ambiguous term *welfare state*, and to show it is used in different senses. I shall now try to answer the questions put me.

1. The welfare state, in my meaning of it, does *not* include "socialized medicine," in the meaning now being given that term. Nor do I believe that a national health-insurance agency, even where premium payments are compulsory, is socialized *medicine*. The recipients of insurance benefits are socialized, in a sense I believe to be good. I also think that when we use the term *socialized medicine*, we have wandered into semantics.

2. I do believe the state which Mr. Lehman actually endorsed would exercise that restraint, but not, of course, the "welfare state" which his opponent attributed to him. There is a very wide place in Mr. Lehman's state for "enterprise of the cooperative type."

3. Outside of Sweden, the cooperative movement is strongest in Britain, and under the present government it has continued to grow. It may also be recalled that so far only 17 per cent of British Industry has been nationalized (shares owned by the state, with the same old management) and a U.P. dispatch of December 10 pointed out that "in Britain, the Conservatives claim the credit for starting the socialized health plan."

The Republican national platform of 1948 may also occasion my correspondent some surprise. It is a pretty good blueprint of the "welfare state" which scared Mr. Dulles so badly in November, including "all needed steps to strengthen and develop public health." In its welfare clauses, it is almost a carbon-copy of the 1944 Democratic platform, as each successive Republican platform tends to be of its opponents' four years earlier.

Our Catholic professors of the social sciences have long calmly spoken of "welfare state" in an approving manner, as describing the plan of the encyclicals. Nobody got alarmed then. Now we are looking for a new word. Any suggestions?

WILFRID PARSONS

UNDERSCORINGS

Very Rev. Francis J. Connell, C.S.S.R., has been appointed Dean of the School of Sacred Theology of the Catholic University of America, it was announced Dec. 2, by Rt. Rev. Msgr. P. J. McCormick, Rector of the University. Fr. Connell, one of America's leading theologians, is well known for his writings in the *Ecclesiastical Review* and the *Homiletic and Pastoral Review*. He has given a great deal of attention to the moral problems of business and public life, and in 1946 published a book, *Morals in Politics and Professions* (Newman Press).

► On Dec. 6, Mrs. Irma Hannegan, wife of the late Robert E. Hannegan, former Postmaster General and chairman of the Democratic National Committee, was received into the Church by Rev. Gerald G. McMahon at St. Mary Magdalen Church, Brentwood, Mo. Mrs. Hannegan was to have begun her course of instruction on Oct. 6, the day Mr. Hannegan died.

► As a tail-piece to last week's editorial on the Free World Labor Conference at London ("Christian Unions at London," p. 334), we record here the fact that the conference ended with the establishment of an International Confederation of Free Trade Unions as a rival to the communist-led World Federation of Trade Unions. Apart from the communist labor organizations in France and Italy, WFTU now represents little except unions behind the Iron Curtain. The Christian Syndicates of Europe, invited to the London conference at the insistence of the AFL and the CIO over the objections of Dutch and Belgian Socialists, are weighing the question of accepting active membership in the new organization. ► No one, we presume, will suspect Rev. Joseph Higgins, pastor of St. Isaac Jogues' Church, Mercer, Wis., of nibbling at the now famous wall of separation between Church and State because he carries public-school students in the bus owned by his parish. The public high school is at Burley, twenty miles away, and without Fr. Higgins' bus the children could not get there. The idea has proved so popular that Fr. Higgins is now looking for a bigger bus.

► Rev. Robert C. Hartnett, S.J., AMERICA's Editor-in-Chief, will act as chairman of a sectional meeting of the American Political Science Association on "Church and State" at the Roosevelt Hotel, N. Y., Dec. 29, 10-12 A.M. This is the first time the Association has tackled so controversial a question in its annual meetings.

► Chronicle a new low in the Church-State controversy. The Hawaii Baptist Convention went on record December 12 as condemning "the practice of members of religious orders of wearing religious garb" while tending the lepers at Molokai. The Hawaiian Baptists admire the work of the Catholic priests and brothers and sisters who devote their lives to earth's kindest apostolate, but there *must* be separation of Church and State. Well, that puts Father Damien in *his* place.

C.K.

Jerusalem made international

On December 9 the General Assembly of the United Nations by the decisive vote of 38 to 14 expressed for the third time its will that Jerusalem and its environs be internationalized. The vote was a reaffirmation of the principles of the Palestine Partition Resolution of November 27, 1947, still considered by the world community two years and twelve days later a "just and equitable solution of the question." Once again the Holy City, sacred to three religious groups, was judged to have a special international character that made imperative its removal from the sphere of two aggressive, competing nationalisms. The area subject to the new permanent international regime is the same as that embodied in the Partition decision two years ago—the present municipality of Jerusalem with its surrounding suburbs, such as Ain Karin to the west and Bethlehem to the south. The UN Trusteeship Council is to be the "administering authority."

After ten and a half hours of debate the General Assembly on December 9 directed the Trusteeship Council to prepare a statute of rule for the Holy City "at its next session," without allowing "any actions by interested governments to divert it." The Assembly, furthermore, called upon "the states concerned to . . . approach these matters with good will and be guided by the terms of this resolution." Little good will was manifested by the states concerned. More astonishing still, an "interested government"—the United States Government, to be precise—promptly went to work to "divert" the Trusteeship Council from its assigned task of drafting the statute for the Jerusalem enclave. Ours was the only government to vote for postponement on December 13.

King Abdullah of Hashimite Jordan has long ambitioned Jerusalem as the capital of his kingdom, which he hopes will ultimately dominate the Arab League. Accordingly, after the vote, Ruhi Abdulhadi, Foreign Minister of Jordan, immediately cabled Lake Success that his country "will oppose the execution of whatever is decided contrary to its rightful wishes." Israel, which has been moving its cabinet ministries into the Holy City in defiance of the Palestine Conciliation Commission's ban, reacted with equal vigor—or insolence. "We are continuing with the transfer of the government to Jerusalem," said Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion on December 13, "and hope to complete it as soon as possible." "Jerusalem," he had said earlier, "is an inseparable part of Israel and her eternal capital. No vote in the United Nations can alter this historic fact."

It was just such truculence that made it clear to the conscience of the world that Jerusalem *must* be internationalized. The United Nations, moreover, had only the option of reaffirming the principle it had stated, after exhaustive discussion, two years ago or yielding to the threat of force from its youngest member, the member the UN had itself created.

Israel's Foreign Minister, Moshe Sharett, who was on hand at Lake Success for the discussion, was downcast. December 9, he dolefully observed, was a dark day—for

EDITORIALS

the United Nations. "A reckless adventure" was the best compliment he could find for the Assembly resolution. Those who voted for internationalization had, in his judgment, "charged themselves with grave moral responsibility for the moral authority of the United Nations."

Why?

Because "there is no way to implement the decision." On that you have Mr. Sharett's opinion. Perhaps even his promise. It should not be difficult to get a concurring verdict from Mr. Sharett's opposite number, Ruhi Abdulhadi, Foreign Minister of Jordan.

Why can't the resolution be implemented? Because Israel and Jordan are determined that it shall *not* be implemented. This despite the resolution's injunction that the states concerned show good-will and accept the judgment of the world community. December 9 will indeed have been a "dark day for the UN" if such contempt for its decision is tolerated.

The UN machinery provides sanctions to compel the observance of its decisions. The internationalization of Jerusalem can easily be implemented if the United States and Britain want it. Britain has only to order Abdullah to acquiesce. America has only to put an embargo on the transfer of dollars to Israel.

The Administration should read again the Democratic Party platform of 1948 and rediscover the promise: "We continue to support the internationalization of Jerusalem . . ." If pressure can make Mr. Truman desert his Party's stand on the Holy City, what confidence can we have in other platform promises—civil-rights legislation and the repeal of Taft-Hartley, for instance. There is pressure—and within his own Party, too—against these also.

What religion can cure

"Religion," wrote Pope Leo XIII on August 5, 1898, to the clergy and laity of Italy, "is the source of prosperity and greatness for the nation and the principal foundation of every well-regulated society." "The terrible events which we are witnessing today," declared Pope Pius XII on February 25, 1941, referring to the cataclysm of World War II, "are mainly the consequence and almost the nemesis of the denial of God and of that want of religion which, like a plague, perturbs and corrupts the souls of the peoples . . ." Especially since the time of Leo XIII, every Roman Pontiff has made the revival of true religion the necessary condition of domestic and international peace.

To those who look to "science" for the salvation of

society, this emphasis on the healing power of religion seems grossly exaggerated. In the United States it is probably true that whatever confidence has survived two world wars and the threat of a third springs mostly from reliance on our productive system, on various proposed improvements in social organization, and on that traditional American panacea for all social ills—"education." Although a great many of our citizens would like to see our people more religious, they do not regard religion as either "indispensable" or the "principal" factor in social renovation. As for education, the present trend is to crowd religion out of our public schools altogether as a menace to religious "liberty"—that is, to the liberty to be completely unbelieving.

It is possible, of course, to attribute to religious belief a greater efficacy for social reconstruction than it can be proven to possess. Clergymen whose training has been almost exclusively theological and whose grasp of social problems, either from study or experience, is meager are often tempted to oversimplify. So, on the other side, are professional men and women, business men, scientists and educators.

Religion provides two elements without which men cannot live together in peace. The first is a system of truths. For example, apart from religious belief there is no ultimate reason for believing in the intrinsic dignity of every individual person, from the unborn infant to the doddering nonagenarian. It was Christ who revealed that children were sacred. It was Scripture which taught that women were created on a par with men. It was the Psalms and the Gospels which made the treatment of the weak and the poor a standard by which we shall all finally be judged. You cannot reconcile Hitler's racism or Stalin's class hatreds or Tojo's nationalism with true religion. Human equality is a religious truth.

It doesn't take much imagination to see what immense progress we would make today if men would accept in full this one religious doctrine of the sacredness of human personality.

Would anyone question that men can live together in peace only if they all accept a fixed moral code by which to shape their behavior? The virus which is debilitating American democracy and has long since weakened European democracy is a growing scepticism, utilitarianism and even materialism in morals. Elsewhere the disease is much worse. General Carlos P. Romulo stated this position with great force in his address to Notre Dame's Natural Law Institute December 9:

I reject as inimical to peace that false law which, recognizing no higher sanction than the authority of the state, has produced regimentation in lieu of order, total tyranny in lieu of freedom and class war rather than harmony and peace in human society.

People who sincerely believe in a truly religious ethic will hew to God's promises instead of Stalin's. They will put the long-range common welfare, not only of their nation but of the entire world, before short-range group interests. Our hope that India will prove a bulwark against communism in Asia rests in no small part on the religious beliefs of its people (AM., 12/10, p. 304).

The second contribution of religion is effective motivation. Why do people do the things they do? Too often they are seeking satisfaction of selfish passions. They kill, they maim, they cheat, they lie, they slander to get something they think they need. We hear a lot about the "profit motive." Properly controlled, this motive has an essential place in our economic system. But how is it to be controlled? Uncontrolled, the profit motive is simply a form of selfish acquisitiveness.

Religion alone is capable of providing men with motives strong enough to rise above the selfishness of human nature. As Hanson Baldwin, speaking of the cause of wars, wrote in the *New York Times* for December 7:

... man is the problem, not nations, not the type or kind of world organization, not the international control of atomic energy, not war itself, but man.

The only remedy for what is wrong with man himself is for him to strive to be, with God's grace, what he was meant to be when he was created in the image of God.

Religion is by no means the only cure for what man has made of this world. We need science, especially social science; we need education, leavened with religious truth. Moreover, it is not merely *belonging* to a religion which will put us on the right road, but *living* religious lives. The test is what loyalty to God is costing us in our daily lives. If the birth of the Infant Jesus at Bethlehem teaches anything, it teaches that we can't have it both ways.

How to "make" a dogma

Will the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin be announced as a dogma, a divinely revealed truth that must be explicitly believed by Catholics? Camille M. Cianfarra filed a dispatch to the *New York Times* from Rome on December 11 predicting that Pope Pius XII in a solemn ceremony during the Holy Year would publicly proclaim as a dogma the truth that the body of God's mother was and is reunited to her soul in heaven. Percy Winner makes the same prognostication in the December 12 issue of the *New Republic*, finding exotic ideological implications in the predicted proclamation. On the basis of the information he has, the *Herald Tribune's* correspondent in Rome, Barrett McGurn, reports that the Assumption will not be defined as a dogma next year.

The Editors of AMERICA don't know what will happen next year. That, perhaps, is not surprising. On Mr. Winner's word "members of the Society of Jesus are the least progressive of the Church's orders." We merely know that some elementary theology was missed in reporting the likelihood of the proclamation of "the first Roman Catholic dogma of the twentieth century."

Thus, according to Mr. Cianfarra, the Assumption will be made a dogma, an article of divine faith, because all the bishops of the Catholic world without exception have told the Pope they believe it. Besides, continues Mr. Cianfarra, Catholic theologians hold that "God would not permit the body of the woman who gave birth to Christ to become a prey to decay just as that of any mortal."

The belief of the bishops is evidence of the universal acceptance of the truth of the Assumption. Unless all the bishops teach a doctrine *as revealed by God*, however their belief, doesn't constitute that truth a dogma. The a priori argument of the theologians presents a cogent, rational argument for the likelihood of the fact that God took Mary's body to heaven. The argument does not make the truth a dogma.

A dogma is a truth, a part of the deposit of faith, that God has revealed for the whole world to believe, and *proposed by the Church* as such. God's public revelation of the truths to be believed by all men closed with the death of the last Apostle. The preaching and explaining of that truth was confided by Christ to His Church, founded on His Apostles and continued in their successors, the bishops. To guide the Church in preserving intact that revelation Christ promised—and bestowed—the abiding assistance of the Holy Spirit, who is with the Church "all days." God's public revelation completed in the Apostles cannot be added to. The efficacious assistance of the Holy Spirit guarantees that any attempt to do so will fail.

But many of God's revealed truths, implicitly believed always, are in the course of time proposed for explicit belief. Heresies, controversies, a profounder study of revelation, even the religious life of the Church, bring into sharper relief truths that were in the apostolic tradition but were never before formulated. Thus, it was not until the Council of Ephesus in 431 that the truth that Mary is the Mother of God was proclaimed as a dogma, an article of faith, revealed by God to be believed by all men. The dogmas on the Holy Trinity were not completely formulated until the thirteenth century.

Unless the Assumption was revealed to the Apostles, it cannot be (and will not be) proclaimed a dogma.

Moral offensive for freedom

Are the American people losing faith in their mission to light the lamp of liberty wherever men are oppressed? The American political faith has always held that by co-operating together in freedom men could produce great riches—spiritual, intellectual and material. We believed that if we could demonstrate that faith and propagandize for it, peoples everywhere would want to follow our example and, under the impulse of our moral leadership, would act to throw off the yoke of tyranny. Are we losing faith in our mission in the face of postwar realities?

One-third of the globe takes its leadership from Moscow; 600 million people are enslaved to the communist creed of tyranny over the many by the few for the benefit of the Great Russians. The mastery of such military potential by a few Politburo minds, closed by narrow Marxist materialism, forces us to maintain a prodigiously costly defense establishment ready to meet the outbreak of sudden war.

Are we really hopeful of rolling back this despotic Russian rule? Or have we accepted the status quo of servitude that communism has imposed on these hun-

dreds of millions of people? Is their eventual liberation a fixed premise of American foreign policy? Or do strategic factors mark the limit of our official concern?

Such questions were analyzed and answered by John Foster Dulles in a significant address, "The Pursuit of Liberty," delivered on December 13 at Town Hall, New York City, at the conclusion of a series of lectures by exiled Iron Curtain political leaders sponsored by the National Committee for Free Europe. To Mr. Dulles it appeared that

Our nation's over-all policies seem predominantly defensive and limited by a sense of dependence on material things . . . It seems as though we lacked confidence in any policies that reached beyond the grasp of our military or economic might.

We must take the offensive in the "cold war," Mr. Dulles thinks, by developing the use of non-military techniques to counter the methods of the police state. The communist political structure is today over-extended, over-rigid and ill-founded. "It can be shaken," he believes, "by a moral offensive such as we could launch." Nothing is so dynamic and revolutionary as a great moral truth carried with conviction. It is contagious. The psychological effect of a clear affirmation from America that we take seriously our United Nations pledge to seek "universal respect for and observance of human rights and fundamental freedoms for all" would hearten the millions of oppressed people of Europe and Asia and increase immeasurably the task of their communist oppressors.

But will not such a moral offensive, such a psychological assault on tyranny, precipitate a fighting war? Mr. Dulles believes, on the contrary, that "peace depends upon increasing the internal difficulties of Soviet communism and their inability to consolidate their present and prospective areas of conquest." If we allow the Kremlin masters to organize a vast political industrial and military unity out of their new conquests, they may succumb to the temptation of an easy victory in a shooting war.

Such a moral offensive—an expansion of the program about to be initiated by the National Committee for Free Europe—might well justify an appropriation, in Mr. Dulles' judgment, of \$100 million a year, an amount less than one-half of one per cent of what we are now spending in defensive activities, military and economic.

What reception will Mr. Dulles' significant suggestion receive? The answer will reveal our understanding of the universal appeal of personal freedom, coupled with economic security, our imaginative capacity to contrive sound propaganda for genuine liberty and our traditional American faith in the dynamic power of a great ideal, backed by example and a sense of mission in the world.

Does the present generation of Americans believe, with Abraham Lincoln, that our Declaration of Independence offers "liberty, not alone to the people of this country but hope for the world for all future time. It . . . gave promise that in due time the weights should be lifted from the shoulders of men"? If they do, they should let the State Department—and the victims of communist conquest—know it in unmistakable terms.

His manger our throne

Harold C. Gardiner

DURING THIS CHRISTMAS TIME—as so often in dear Christmas times of the past—you will walk simply and humbly up the aisle of your church to pay a visit to the Crib. Perhaps you will be leading your children by the hand, leading them up, it may be, for the first time to pay their wide-eyed visit to the little King of all children and of all who become, for His sake, like unto children.

And what will you see at your Crib? How is the timeless Christmas scene depicted? If your church is like most churches, the sexton or the parish priest or perhaps the nuns will have set out the traditional figures. The sheep and the ox are there, with perhaps the donkey pushing his inquisitive head through a window. Angels hover about up near the rafters or the thatched roof. St. Joseph stands quietly somewhat in the background, as he loved to do. Our Blessed Lady kneels near the manger, protective and adoring at the same time. And the Infant on the straw—how does He look?

Your Crib will probably portray Him with His little arms outstretched, as though to welcome all the world. A smile is on His infant face, and rays of glory make a nimbus around His holy head.

The portrayal is simple, devout, traditional and symbolic. But it is apt to cloud in our minds a great truth, perhaps the greatest truth on which our prayerful thoughts ought to be riveted at Christmastide.

Because, you see, the Christmas scene was not just like that. Oh, the sheep and the ox may keep their places without distracting us. St. Joseph and Our Lady probably took their stand as your Crib depicts them. But the Holy Infant?

The stupendous mystery and the infinitely warm attraction of the Crib lie in the fact that He did *not* look the way our traditional tableaux show Him. When Mary first knelt at His Crib, her eyes of faith saw the glory and the majesty of His Godhead shining through the new-born infant's limbs and countenance. She—and St. Joseph, too—knew by faith that there was an aureole of glory around His head. But they did not see it.

Our Infant Saviour, after His birth, was as helpless as any other new-born baby. His arms were not outstretched in welcome; they were making the little spasmodic and uncoordinated movements of an infant. About His head there were no rays of glory, but only the sparse and funny little hairs of early infancy. Our Divine Lord, at His birth, was like any other infant. The glory that surrounded the manger was the glory of the marvelous fact, not the glory of the Angels and their celestial hymns. It was to the shepherds, out in their fields, and not to Mary and Joseph at the Crib, that the heavenly

Giovanni Papini begins his *Life of Christ* by reminding us that the Crib does not really represent the cold, damp, noisome stable where the Saviour was born. AMERICA's Literary Editor reminds us of the central reality represented in the Crib—the union of God and man—and its meaning for our world today.

host appeared in ravishing concert. From the Gospel account it would appear that Mary and Joseph did not even hear the strains of the first Gloria. They did not need to—in the reality of the little Infant form before them they saw the sweetest and most majestic symphony of all God's creation, the harmony of all the ages, the union of God and Man in the Babe of the Manger. But they saw all this with the clear-eyed vision of faith. Their eyes of flesh saw only what we would have seen (and have still to see)—an infant like any other who may perhaps have been born in some house in Bethlehem the same wintry night.

This we know, because we know with St. Paul that "He was like unto us in all things, sin alone excepted." Knowing it, we have struck to the core of the utter, infinite and unfathomable depths of the humility of the Son, the Word of God. He entered our world as we enter our world. He appeared in the flesh as we appear in the flesh. He became more truly than our intellects can now grasp, one of us.



This is the strain that runs no less surely through all the Christmas liturgy than the magnificent measures that hymn the fact that it is the Very Word of God Who has come among us. We are told not only that the Supreme Word of God has leapt down from His Eternal Father's bosom, but that—wonder of wonders!—he was truly nourished at the bosom of the Maid. As the hymn for Christmas Lauds touchingly puts it, "He is fed with a little milk, through whom not even the birds of the air go hungry" (*Et lacte modico pastus est, per quem nec ales esurit.*)

There is always the need for us to sharpen and deepen our realization of the reality of Our Saviour's humanity. His divinity is something it never crosses our mind to doubt. That realization is rooted ineradicably in our Catholic thought and instinct. Perhaps it is so predominant that we give small consideration to the fact that the reality of His humanity is just as essential a part of Catholic teaching.

Our Saviour really was a *man*. He was not acting a role. He did not go through the motions of suffering on the Cross. He suffered. He did not go through the motions of being a new-born infant. He was one, with all the consequences that entails. The Second Person of the Most Blessed Trinity, the Eternal Word of the Father,

He whom universe upon created universe cannot contain, Very God of Very God—that ineffable One really possessed an infant's body that developed as any other infant's body does until it grew to the full stature of splendid manhood, in which it suffered the agony of the Crucifixion as truly as any man would have suffered it.

And the reality of Our Saviour's humanity, which Christmas shows us in its strongest, most intimate appeal, if we but know to look, is the proof and pledge of a corresponding reality in us. It is the reality of our incorporation into His Mystical Body.

This is why God's Providence decreed that the Eternal Word should take flesh and appear in the flesh as men do—save for the sweet marvel of His virginal birth. Christmas is the visible doctrine, the incarnate doctrine that just as truly as Christ was born a real Infant, so we are by His grace born into real divinity. The reality of our partaking of the divine nature, through grace, is measured by the reality with which He takes our nature. If His sacred Humanity is a phantom, if it is just a shell He put on, a mask assumed for appearance sake, then are the words in which He promised us our divinization hollow symbols, mere metaphors, figures of speech. But if His Humanity is real, then is our sharing of God's nature just as real, no mere image, no metaphor, but the literal and astonishing truth. And to underline this truth, He underlines the reality of His humanity by taking it in its infant, weak, to the human eye unextraordinary form.

Christmas is the visible, touchable, lovable fulfillment of the desire we express in every Mass, when we say "O God, Who hast marvelously created human nature and still more marvelously renewed it, grant that through this mingling of water and wine, we may become sharers of His divinity Who deigned to become partaker of our humanity." In the Crib we witness the Son of God filling His part of this covenant. It will be filled in us, if we will.

Christmas sets before us, on the rough straw of the poor manger, the real, the helpless and infant physical body of God. And it sets before our eyes the Head of that Mystical Body whose mysterious and really perfect stature will be reached at the end of time, but whose growth in unity works like the Gospel leaven through all the hours of time.

Christmas is the feast of that unity. The Blessed Sacrament, which gives us again the Body of God, is its Sacrament.

As never before the world seeks unity. The Infant from his timeless Crib looks out and sees that our efforts are feeble and stumbling. We hobble along the highway toward political unity in the United Nations. We limp toward a unity of racial, industrial and international justice. The Christ-Child, though He sees that the attempts are stumbling, does see that they are attempts. Perhaps He but bides His own time, from Christmas to Christmas, until He sees that we have come to the end of the tether of our human attempts. Perhaps then His Infant arms will open wide and He will crown our poor efforts with

a great outpouring of His grace, with an awakening all over the face of the world to the reality of His Mystical Body, of that unity of which He is the center and the soul, of that unity of which Christmas is the incarnation.

Pay your visit to the Crib, simply and humbly. But see, beneath the carved and painted images, beneath the stiff postures and the perhaps sentimental piety, the human reality of the humanity of Christ. *There* is the motive, the source, the soul of what the world too glibly calls the brotherhood of man, and thinks too easily to attain. It can be attained fully and lastingly only when we come to realize that we men are one because Christ became one with us. That is the meaning of the Crib, the meaning of the so-ordinary appearing little human body that lies in the Crib. His divine intellect did not shape His Infant lips to the uttering of a single word, but His very presence said at the first Christmas and repeats with every Christmas the sublime and wonderful words He uttered at the Last Supper:

[I pray] that they may all be one, as thou, Father, in me, and I in thee; that they also may be one in us . . . that they may be one, as we also are one . . . that they may be made perfect in one: and the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast also loved me . . . that thy love wherewith thou hast loved me, may be in them, and I in them.

The infant humanity of the Son of God tells us that from the Crib. When will all the world hear? When it does, there will truly be one world.

Salute to Gananoque

Richard M. McKeon

ON NOVEMBER 18, 1949 a modest gentleman journeyed from the little Canadian town of Gananoque, Ontario, to the busy industrial city of Syracuse, N. Y. The gentleman's name was Thomas J. Delaney. He is president of Parmenter and Bulloch Company, Ltd. Rightfully does this company boast to the entire world that it is "One-hundred-per-cent Employee Owned." Under the title "Every Worker A Capitalist," Mr. Delaney had come to tell the forum of the Le Moyne College School of Industrial Relations the fascinating story of this company, which is successfully putting into practice the principles of the Christian social order. A very large audience of high management officials, labor leaders, professional people, rank and file workers and students pursuing their degree course in industrial relations showed their appreciation of his address by questioning him for more than an hour. It was a fitting climax to the fourth year of Le Moyne's endeavor to contribute to the industrial welfare of the community.

In a simple, expository style, devoid of any reference

to the important part which he had played in the reorganization of the company, Mr. Delaney told the magnetic story of Gananogue. He mentioned that Parmenter and Bulloch was established eighty-six years ago. The company produces rivets of all types, riveting machines, and various small metal items, including knitting needles and rings for bulls' noses. In 1946 the Bulloch family decided to sell and started negotiations with prospective buyers. One of these was a large corporation having several plants engaged in the same competitive field. There was grave danger that the Bulloch plant and its operations might be moved to another area. This would have meant loss of work for two hundred employes and dismay for their families and gloom for the little town.

Here is where Mr. Delaney enters the picture; though he kept himself in the background as he spoke. He had come to Gananogue many years before, as a member of a Toronto rowing team. Because he liked the town, which is beautifully situated on the St. Lawrence River at the gateway to the Thousand Islands, he decided to remain. Entering the company, he worked himself up to the position of general manager about ten years ago. His executive ability, together with his pleasing personality, won for him the respect not only of the entire firm but also of the community.

Realizing what the loss of the company would mean to his many friends, he recalled an idea which had made the Graybar Electric Company a very successful concern. For Graybar, a national distributor of electrical equipment, is owned by its workers. Could he sell this idea of employee-ownership to his fellow-workers? The emergency called for quick action. Rallying some leaders around him, he finally convinced the workers, and together they began a campaign to raise the necessary money. The owners were approached and a thirty-day option was secured, with the purchasing price set at \$600,000.

At this point in his address Mr. Delaney betrayed intense emotion for a moment. For here was the trying challenge. How could a group of seventy women and one hundred and forty men in ordinary circumstances raise this amount in a few weeks? What happened? A wonderful act of faith. Homes were mortgaged, war bonds were turned in, loans were secured, merchants fearful of their own welfare contributed. The amount raised was \$252,000. No wonder the voice of Mr. Delaney thrilled when he said: "I will always admire and be grateful to my associates for their supreme efforts in raising such a substantial amount of money in a short space of time."

But the goal was far away and the cynics were sniping. Then the owners, hearing about the plan and the efforts of their employes, reduced the price to \$525,000. With the ready cooperative help of Goulding and Rose, Ltd., investment brokers of Toronto, a bond issue of \$275,000 was floated at very low rates. A plan to redeem these bonds over a ten-year period by means of payroll deductions was drawn up. One may imagine the joy of Gananogue, after facing many obstacles, with hope often at low ebb, to learn that, when the bonds were offered

for sale, the issue was oversubscribed before the certificates could be printed.

To protect the new company, a lengthy trust deed was drawn up by a prominent firm of corporation lawyers. There were many intricate legal details to clarify, for the idea of 100-per-cent employee-ownership was without precedent in Canada.

One special feature was the establishment of a voting trust. This important suggestion came from the Graybar



Electric Company, with its experience of twenty-nine years of successful operation as an employee-owned institution. The investment brokers also insisted on the voting trust before they floated the bond issue. This trust insures continuity of key

management. It removes the possibility of an irresponsible group gaining control. Top management decides the policy of the company, but the workers are always kept fully informed about the more important matters.

Having thus explained the formation of the new company, Mr. Delaney now spoke of the results obtained under employee ownership. With justifiable pride he said that the plan had worked far better than they had ever hoped. The company has a happy cooperative spirit, with the result that tremendous gains have been made financially. Although during the past three years the number of workers has decreased, productivity has increased. The workers have a sense not only of belonging to but of actually owning the business. They do not waste time and material. They tolerate no careless work, for their own money is involved. They know that their combined efforts will determine the amount of dividends they will receive at the end of the business year. Mr. Delaney smiled when he told how a Toronto industrialist, on visiting the plant and examining the financial statement, exclaimed: "Every other manufacturer I know these days is getting only three days' work for five days' pay. Man, you're getting six for five."

Every employe is a shareholder. Shares may be purchased through payroll deduction. If an employe leaves the company, his shares must be sold to the "Employees' Pool" and held for further distribution. An agreement is signed by all to this effect. No one outside the company can own shares in it.

When the company was reorganized, there seemed to be no hope of dividends for at least two years; none had been paid by the old company for many years. After only six months of operation, however, the improved status warranted the payment of a dividend. Thus far six dividends have been paid, representing an annual yield of 5 per cent. At the same time, a fair amount of earnings is set aside for reserves.

Mr. Delaney continued: "We have redeemed \$77,000 of our bond issue. Our last annual statement showed a ratio of current assets to current liabilities of over seven to one. Bankers think that the ratio of three to one is a good risk. When we bought the company we inherited a

bank loan of \$130,000, which has since been entirely wiped out. Our company is now in its strongest financial condition. Don't you think this proves the workability and success of employee ownership?"

What about wages and working conditions? The wages are the highest in the industry. The work week is now forty hours instead of forty-four. Yet production, even with the present lower work force, shows an increase of 14 per cent. There are two weeks vacation with pay, with extra time for older workers. A complete renovation of the plant has taken place along lines of greater efficiency and safety. Many of the ideas for improvement have come from the workers. Smoking is allowed on the job and canteen service is available.

The company has an excellent pension plan, to which both employees and company contribute. There is full sick pay and a bonus at Christmas. The company pays the whole cost of a hospitalization plan covering employees and their families.

The workers have a firm faith in the new set-up. They recognize that management must function as in other companies. Accordingly there are a board of directors, officers and department heads who have the power to hire and fire. Three directors are from the main office, and two are from the shop. These directors keep a close scrutiny over the distribution of shares.

. . .

In the question period, which went for a full hour after Mr. Delaney's talk, the keen mind and sincere heart of the speaker captivated his hearers. Here are a few of the questions and answers.

"We understand that the United Steel Workers has a union in your plant. In view of your remarks what is its main function?"

"Its main function seems to be an effort to keep alive. We find it useful for grievance procedures. Thus far no grievance has reached our office."

"What would happen to your company if an industry-wide strike was called? Where would you be?"

"We would be sitting pretty. We foresaw such a difficulty and in our agreement the union is freed from participating in such a strike."

"What if the union should demand a wage increase?"

"That is possible but not probable. Our workers know that a wage increase would mean less dividends."

"What is the difference between your policy and that of ordinary profit-sharing firms?"

"In other firms, profit-sharing depends upon the decision of management, who frequently are not the owners. Have their workers a strict right to share in such profits, presuming they are receiving fair basic pay? Because we are the owners, we have that right and we pride ourselves that increased efficiency has made this possible. We are not unmindful of our customers in the form of lower prices."

"Have other companies shown an interest in your plan?"

"Very many inquiries come to our office. We understand that two companies have set up similar programs but we have no report on their success."

"Do your workers use the time clock?"

"Yes and no. All employees with fifteen years of service, nearly half the force, do not punch the clock. Personally, I am in favor of tossing time clocks out completely."

"What is outstanding in the attitude of your workers?"

"I would say that their most characteristic attitude is a supreme faith in the principle of employee ownership."

Mr. Delaney in his concluding remarks told how the early cynics predicted that the new company would not last six months, that it would be a socialistic mess, that the workers would lose everything. Some are still skeptical. Paraphrasing Scripture, he added, "Can any good come out of Gananoque?" and then he gave a smiling invitation to "Come and see."

The last question was, "What would happen in the event of a depression?"

"Well, what would happen to any company in a depression? To us it would mean retrenchment, cutting down budgets, reducing expenses wherever possible. We believe that we could weather a depression better than the average firm because we have a more understanding spirit among our associates."

. . .

In 1931 in his masterly encyclical *On the Reconstruction of the Social Order* Pius XI wrote:

In the present state of human society, however, we deem it advisable that the wage contract should, when possible, be modified somewhat by a contract of partnership, as is already being tried in various ways to the no small gain of the wage-earners and of the employers. In this way wage-earners are made sharers in some sort in the ownership, or the management, or the profits.

In 1949 at Gananoque, Canada, this sound advice is now being successfully put into practice at the Parmenter and Bulloch plant.

Canada has many famous historical and religious shrines. But with all due respect to tradition and religion, we believe that she may boast about a special industrial shrine to which, we trust, many American representatives of labor and management will make a pilgrimage. On the way they will see the beauty and the peace of the Thousand Islands. For that shrine is at Gananoque, and there they will appreciate the conviction of mind and the contentment of heart reflected in the lives of its capitalist-workers.

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De Valera: Eire's elder statesman

Charles Keenan

WHEN IRELAND BECAME A MEMBER of the Council of Europe, it was almost inevitable that Eamon De Valera should be one of its delegation to that assembly. He had rendered distinguished service in the League of Nations, never shirking the task of recalling that vacillating body to the principles of its Covenant. Like Cassandra's, his prophecies, though true, went largely unheeded.

It was De Valera who, as President of the League Assembly at the time of Italy's invasion of Ethiopia in 1935, uttered the warning that might have averted the Second World War. If the guarantees of the League Covenant, he said, were not extended to even its least and weakest member, if a powerful state could violate the obligations of the Covenant and go unpunished, then the delegates might as well go home, for the League would have failed of its prime purpose. The warning went unheeded. Four years later the delegates did indeed go home, and the League of Nations was no more.

These thoughts were in my mind as I sat across from De Valera in his office in Leinster House, the seat of Dáil Éireann. His hair is now very gray. There are lines in his face which were not there on that Easter morning, thirty-three years ago, when he disposed his handful of riflemen for the defense of Boland's Mills. How many of today's statesmen were "in the news" when De Valera came before the attention of the world in 1919 as the first President of the Irish Republic, elected by the first Dáil? Churchill was writing his memoirs of the First World War; Stalin was a subordinate of Lenin, helping to consolidate the new Bolshevik state. Very few others come readily to mind. President Wilson was laboring at the shaping of the League of Nations, whose rejection by his own people was to break his heart and whose epitaph was the stern warning of De Valera in 1935.

What, I asked Mr. De Valera, were the prospects of the Council of Europe's becoming in time a real federation of Europe? None that he could see in the immediate future, he replied. "I was listening just the other day to one of the Strasbourg delegates speaking on the radio. He wanted to abolish all trade barriers in Europe, to establish a common currency, and so forth. He said that the United States had become rich and prosperous because there were no trade barriers between the States.

"I don't think that would work in Europe. It would cause all kinds of economic upheavals. We, for instance, in Ireland, would be driven back to a purely agricultural economy, with the inevitable consequence of further depopulation."

"It seems," I said, "that the speaker forgot that in America we have a relatively homogeneous population,

speaking a common language. I can go from New York to San Francisco, and feel at home there.

"Yes," said De Valera. "If a man from London goes to Paris or Berlin, he finds a completely different way of life. It wouldn't work—not for a long time to come, anyway. It's good to reduce barriers between countries but, while each has to protect its own people and its own economy, federation into a single state must be a long way off. And I'm not sure what would be the results of setting up a single European state. Intelligent voluntary cooperation must be aimed at first. Let's see how far that will lead us."

I broached the question of the United Nations and Ireland's exclusion from it.

"From the beginning," said Mr. De Valera, "I have believed that an international organization must include all the nations. Otherwise it is not truly international, or effective for peace. And it must be based on a real will for cooperation—something the United Nations never has had. Ireland was excluded precisely because it stood for the principles of genuine international cooperation which the Russians clearly reject.

"It would be far better," he went on, "to form a league of the nations which subscribe to these principles, and invite all who accept them to join in it. Yet, I don't know"; he added thoughtfully, "there you have the division of the world into two opposing blocs."

"Don't you think," I said, "that the North Atlantic Pact is an acknowledgment that the blocs do exist?"

"Yes," he answered. "That is the terrible dilemma of today's world."

I suggested that the present state of the United Nations was symptomatic of the state of the world; that at the present moment we could not expect anything better; and that it was just as well to continue the UN, in the hope of pushing it toward a more effective state.

"Well," he replied, "it's at least a forum for discussion—or for disagreement."

Mr. De Valera leaned his head on his hands. "I am sick at heart," he said, "when I think of the world today. We used to read of the tortures which the savages inflicted on their captives. That was in what we considered as savage times. But now we have governments regarded as civilized making a policy and a practice of torture. Think of the 'confessions' in the Soviet courts."

"It is an awful thing to think of," he continued. "Russia has conquered country after country outside her own borders, either by force or by the workings of little groups of Communists from within. How are all these subjected peoples to be freed? How are the Russians to be compelled to withdraw to their own territory? I hate to think of force—but sometimes force suggests itself as the only solution."

"Yes," I said. "Force is a very dubious solution. War has a dynamism of its own, and carries us very far from our original purposes."

"In the long run," said De Valera, "in the very long run, perhaps force is not an answer anywhere."

He looked up and smiled a wry smile. "But that's a question we can't answer here," he said.

Candle in the Christmas mist

Daniel Fogarty

PARDON ME! But Christmas does *not* come once a year! Not automatically; not for everyone. Christmas isn't just a calendar day. It's a spirit, a mentality, a disposition. And it won't come at all for you unless you look for it. Oh, it's not elusive or expensive! No, not the real Christmas attitude. But the trouble is, it's hidden behind a thick swirling fog of commercialism. Man's inventiveness and self-interest have made the fog so fascinating that he often prefers it to the real light. When he does, whatever else he may have, Christmas won't come for him. Not really.

Now in all this seasonal, mental murk there are direction-finders. The old English Christmas classics are supposed to bring back the true flavor of the feast. But I'll risk rashness to contend that this isn't the real answer. It would certainly be worth while to read Washington Irving's descriptions of Christmas customs in *The Sketch Book*. A hearty rendering of *The Boar's Head* is pleasant and atmospheric. But does that give us the real Christmas? I think not.

It is hard to see how the Yule log has any more connection with the Nativity of the Son of God than a Christmas tree or a holly wreath. A roasted pig is no more spiritual than a red-nosed reindeer. If advertising has made our minds a kaleidoscopic bedlam of life-sized Bugs Bunnies with overlaid images of cellophane-wrapped gift suggestions, all garnished with the shrinking figures of our shopping budget, then it cannot be cleared up by just adding more confusing images—by substituting boars for reindeers.

Happily though, there is a way to clear the murk. Christmas can be Christmas after all. The specifically designed direction-finder through this fog is the Christmas liturgy.

Nothing can reach the very heart of Christmas like God's own story of it. You can find it in the second chapter of St. Luke's Gospel. It might take you two minutes to read it; but believe me, when you are eighty years old you will still be finding out what it means. If you read it slowly; if you sit and muse about it with all the beautiful images it provokes lingering in your mind, you will really be ready for Christmas.

The Christmas spirit, they say, consists in knowing how to give. Who could better teach you how to give than the Infant this story describes? We give one another ties and socks, jewelry and money, favors and greetings. He gave us His Life, His Blood, His death . . . His whole self, literally and completely. We receive gifts in return for those we give. For His generosity all He got back was a cross. Compare yourself with this Master Giver; think back to the first Christmas gift you

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ever got on the first Christmas morning in Bethlehem, and I guarantee the commercialistic fog will clear.

If you want to find out how an ideal Christmas mother and father think and feel, just watch the gentle girl who is the Mother in this great story. Paradoxically there is a treasure in what you will *not* find in her. No money, no furs, no jewelry, no warm home, no financial security, and above all, no false drama in the face of suffering. You'll find no complaints, either. She was happy, you see, with real Christmas happiness, happier than we could ever be, without any of the things we want so desperately.

St. Joseph is the mirror of all good fatherhood. He had to protect and provide for the two most precious people the world has ever seen. He managed to be master of his own household while at the same time he was happily grateful to be considered the least of its members. That made him the champion father of all time.

In the Roman Martyrology, the Church gives us a short glimpse of the earth-shaking importance of the Nativity from the heavenly point of view. The Martyrology is a kind of holy diary which lists each day the saints and martyrs who were born into the after-life of heaven. On the eve of Christmas it summons all the dignity and beauty that language can command to announce the birth of the King of all saints and martyrs. It tells only the time, the place and the event of Christ's birth, and yet its sentences roll out like the thunder of a million drums, like the nearing blast of trumpets that herald the approach of an emperor. It is perhaps the finest example of climax in all literature.

The three Masses of Christmas give you the last and most precious piece of seasonal literature. If you could manage to read them in your missal the day before Christmas, I am sure you would capture much more of the Christmas joy when you assist at the Mass itself on Christmas morning. If you like Christmas carols, remember that the Gloria was the first of them all—rendered by angels over Bethlehem on the first Christmas day. In the Introit, the Preface, the Offertory, the Church exults because on this day she became sister and spouse of the Most High.

These more than literary masterpieces—St. Luke's second chapter, the Martyrology and the Christmas Masses—should be read and pondered by anyone who wants to pierce the thickening mists of modern distractions, by anyone who doesn't want to miss Christmas.

Christmas

They say: but cattle near
And the infant in harsh hay!
Indeed harsh: how could honest God
Be man another way?

By lying lax in gold
Near many a bent knee?
Bedded in bright per cent and so
Vouching hypocrisy?

Oh man's-flesh is most really this:
A thin cry in the cold;
Dust made a little while aware,
Shrivelled both young and old.

No man takes any in;
He cannot cover his own.
The hail-fellow will meet
His life, his death alone.

When infants are born rich
The gaudy zoos troop in:
The elephants with button eyes;
The tiger, springs of tin.

And friends and relatives gape,
A simple clucking clan.
Far better, far, when Bethlehem
Held the home-truth of man.

JOHN FREDERICK NIMS

Gloss on a midwinter journey

These are country fellows and these sophisticates.
Keepers of sheep and sky-watchers tower-posted,
Extremes of the scale are amply represented.

Do not judge them by outward appearances.
The shepherds' loin-cloths are bramble-torn and smell
of sweat.

The Magi wear gold crowns, embroidered garments weigh
down scholar shoulders,
Falling to slippered feet in tapestried foldings.

Consider eyes.
Serf and king alike have looked on vision,
And visions are no respecters of person:
Angels and a star come to much the same thing in the
end.

Camels and bare feet leave traces,
Pushing through fresh-fallen powder snow.

Consider too
Three shepherds and three kings.
The number is significant, and the gifts,
Whether carried in gloved or calloused hand.
King and shepherd go up like priest to the sacrifice,
Making a people's offering for the people.

Let no one think incense out of place in a stable:
Rough-hewn beams may arch to hold a roof grown higher
than the sky,

To cover all men know which they call world.
Surely those are sudden candles gleaming
Gold in darkness sweet with cattle's breath.
Or are they stars above in open sky,
Where angels chant a *Sanctus* heard before Time was?
Kings and shepherds kneel together.
And the oxen kneel too.

This, my friends, is the only valid one-world
Which is so much talked about.
This is the one valid society,
The humble heart being the one valid mark of
distinction.

*Transeamus usque Bethlehem
et videamus hoc verbum
quod factum est*

EARL DANIELS

Joseph at Bethlehem

All through the gleeful season of the Infancy
The children come with loving awe,
Shy and eager, small hands reaching out
To touch the smiling Child upon the straw.

There is no barrier of life, or place, or time,
Between the firm acceptance they accord
The Child who loves them, who rests quietly
On Mary's lap, the throne of childhood's Lord.

The world is Bethlehem and beautiful
With laughter and the freedom love bestows
As in the many lands the children come
Hastening in sunlight or dancing in the snows.

Their glance is for the Christ. St. Joseph stands
Apart, unrecognized and hardly seen
Until the later years have bent the heart
With weary sigh for days that might have been.

The vision widens then, as Eve's once did,
To see where sin has cut contentment's stem;
Hearts turn to Joseph with instinctive trust,
For all his faithfulness is faith to them.

He bore the father's weight of homelessness,
The good man's doubt, the workman's harsh excise,
The pain of honest men who flee from hate,
The humdrum round of living we despise.

No word he says, his silence comforts best,
So much he knows speech is hyperbole;
The world grown old with wisdom rings his staff
And knows through him the radiant mystery.

For Joseph, just and kind, uplifts the Tiny One
To every worry's height, so that on them
A Christmas blessing falls to make each heart
Young once again to joy in Bethlehem.

MARGARET DEVEREAUX CONWAY

Home wears a halo

GOD IN OUR HOUSE

By Joseph A. Breig. America Press. 156p. \$2.50

The Catholic Book Club selection for January (one of a dual choice) will please the majority of Catholics. It is a family book more than anything else, although it sets out to explain the Sunday Gospels the year around. The new twist is that the Gospels are explained each week by the father of a family to his children. That, I think, is the first reason for the success of these short, bright conversations, which have appeared already in our "Word" column, and are now offered in book form.

Another probable factor in the popularity already forecast for this book is the happy realism with which Mr. Breig draws lessons for everyday family life from the scriptural pages. The wisdom of the teachings of Jesus Christ is drawn directly into the family forum to settle parent-and-child problems that face every father and mother.

Be sure to read the foreword of the book where you will meet the family the book is about. It will be one of the most pleasant families you ever met. Bussie is the oldest daughter. She goes to high school, wears jeans with her father's cast-off shirts, regards her father and mother as mid-Victorian and is mad about Joe DiMaggio, the Notre Dame football team and Hollywood. Joe is sensitive, idealistic and over-serious. He has a strangely appealing voice and something like an Oxford accent for no attributable reason. He also has a special spot in his father's heart. Betty is called Pokey because "she sees everything under the appearance of eternity" and cannot be persuaded to hurry. Bussie keeps a watchful eye on her poor old Dad. Joe is forever bursting in with some huge frown-forming problem that has just occurred to him but which his father must answer immediately. Betty is dreamy and affectionate, and succeeds, in a discussion with her father, in settling her vocation quite definitely at the age of eleven. Jimmy is a faker and often tries to pull his father's leg at the most solemn point of the discussion. He is a mercurial character with all the accompanying type-reversals. Baby Regina is the best conversationalist they know; she lets the rest of the family do all the talking.

The author, the father of the family in this book, thinks his house must have a halo around it to an angel's eye, because, like every good Catholic home, it is the perpetuation of the Holy Family and of the love and devotion in the first and model Catholic home. With special inspiration he tiptoes

around the children's beds where they are all fast asleep, signing them with holy water, for he realizes they are little princes and princesses in the Royal Family of Christ.

There is a problem, a hazard to be hurdled in this kind of Catholic book. It is an immense task to avoid being dull and still keep clear of the cloying taste of sentimentality. The author seems to have solved the problem nicely by just being straightforward. When he is moved or touched he is careful never to overstate his case. But he is bold and sure about his feelings toward God and asks no one's pardon for loving Him out loud. Though no writer could ever be "over-enthusiastic about God Himself, still the enthusiasm must be expressed in human words, and is often unfortunate in the outcome. But Mr. Breig has taken that hurdle neatly on the first attempt.

DANIEL FOGARTY, S.J.

Master of the mines

JOHN L. LEWIS

By Saul Alinsky. Putnam. 387p. \$4

Perhaps a book about the most irritating man in American public life ought itself to be irritating. If so, Saul Alinsky, in his "unauthorized biography" of John L. Lewis, has achieved an unquestioned success. The reader is alternately thrilled by exciting, dramatic, hitherto unrevealed accounts of some of the big events of our time; and angered by the writer's partiality, faulty emphasis and occasional superficiality. Clearly, Mr. Alinsky, a prominent figure in the Chicago Back-of-the-Yards movement, regards Lewis as a very great man, indeed. The mine leader has faults, he admits, and no doubt has made some mistakes; but the faults are so understandable as to be almost virtues, and from his mistakes—except, maybe, the expensive blundering with catch-all District 50—Mr. Lewis has always learned.

Consider the great man's rigid dictatorial rule over the United Mine Workers. The author does not deny that John L. runs the union with an iron hand; that he has achieved and maintained power by building a completely ruthless machine; that within the union his least whim is law. He even speaks of the "servility" of Lewis' henchmen, their utter lack of initiative, "the unhealthy awe that permeates every cranny and every stone of the UMW building in Washington."

Yet, Mr. Alinsky seems to argue, the net results of the Lewis regime have been good for the miners, and even for the country, and could not have been achieved except through dictatorship. The following paragraph

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offers an obvious clew to Mr. Alinsky's standard of values and, the author suggests, to Lewis' as well:

Criticism has been raised that many of the means employed by Lewis were not and could not be justified by the end he was seeking. In the arena of power politics, the question of the ethics of means and ends can only be relegated to an academic arena.

In some very notable cases that is where Mr. Lewis relegated them.

This book provides what no other book about Lewis offers—the mine leader's side of some of the highly publicized struggles and controversies in which he engaged. The author has enjoyed Mr. Lewis' friendship and confidence for a number of years. On at least one famous occasion—the meeting of Lewis and Philip Murray in Atlantic City in October, 1941—he was a guest of the Lewis family. As such, he was in a perfect position to record Mr. Lewis' reactions to the talks with his former lieutenant. So far as this reviewer knows, this is the first time that Mr. Lewis' story of the break with Murray, the fight with Roosevelt, and the famous 1937 negotiations with General Motors and Chrysler has ever been publicly told.

Such testimony, obviously, has important historical value. Whether one accepts it at face value, or prefers to wait for further evidence, it simply cannot be ignored. For this reason alone, Mr. Alinsky's book is indispensable to the student of our times.

BENJAMIN L. MASSE

Two heroines, strong, weak

FRANCES

By Catherine Hubbell. Norton. 229p. \$3

Frances Sheldon, the main character-interest in this rather remarkable first novel, is the maladjusted product of a mésalliance of the artificially perfect socialite, Miriam Vanderhof, and her husband, the stilted, colorless John Sheldon. A pretty thorough and accurate psychological study of a lonely, unattractive child takes the girl through an unpromising adolescence into a worthless, but not altogether unworthy, womanhood where she—and the reader—are left finally at loose ends. What will Frances do now? There is not too much interest in the surmise.

Several *deus-ex-machina* effects pre-

vent Frances' remarriage, after her divorce from Joel Bradshaw, to the one attractive and sought-after male in the book, Randolph Hewitt, or to the socially inferior Tom Fernald. Frances is washed up in her middle twenties after the airplane-accident death of her adolescent idol, Randy. But she did have two triumphs in her life: over self in a bout with alcoholism and over physical unattractiveness.

This novel of New York is not a great one, but it is extremely interesting and improves as it proceeds. Suspense elements will insure about a two-sitting reading. Although it is not too long, there is a tremendous amount of thinking, of philosophizing, in its makeup. It embodies a number of pertinent items in the current or recently current U. S. scene—divorce, remarriage, alcoholism, problem children, problem parents, separations due to war, women in war work, time on the hands, a psychiatric hospital, typical middle-class making of the grade in the new democracy, summer camps, schools and a myriad other questions engrossing the minds of thinking people and indicating the need for more and more guidance, religious training and understanding of what makes human beings tick.

The author assumes the role of an onlooker without taking sides, apparently, in the moral questions involved. The novel is provocative of thought, of pity and of the arresting realization that something should be done about many of our "best" social practices. . . . A field day for the psychiatrists!

CATHERINE D. GAUSE

ROSA

By Bryan Morgan. Atlantic-Little, Brown, 235p. \$2.75

Rosa is the second novel of Bryan Morgan, who is only twenty-six. His first was *Vain Citadels*, which this reviewer now regrets having missed, for young Mr. Morgan, though not yet another Graham Greene, may well become one.

Rosa is described on the cover as "the chilling story of the murder of a saint," which sums up pretty well its peculiar and interesting combination of spirituality and suspense. We have had "psychological thrillers"; here we meet the "spiritual thriller." The theme, a study in contrasts of good and evil, strength and weakness, is a powerful one; the character delineation is excellent. And best of all are the incidental observations of the author, which reveal a wisdom and maturity of mind that would do credit to a man twice his age.

The novel's heroine, Rosa, very un-

like the female characters in much current fiction, is truly a heroine in every sense of the word. She is a young German refugee who escapes into post-war England and finds work there as a housemaid. Strong in her simple, uncompromising goodness, she comes into conflict with a man, Harris, who is also strong, but evil. He realizes that the only way to prevent Rosa from informing the authorities of a crime she saw him commit is to kill her. There is another man who admires Rosa and would like to protect her from the danger closing in on her—a good man but weak and ineffectual. And then there is Harris' friend, Eva—evil and weak. Out of the interaction of these four on one another the plot evolves. It would not be fair to the prospective reader to give it away.

Bryan Morgan, speaking of his book, says, "The most important thing in a novel (after, of course, the standard of writing itself) is that it should present *ideas*." Rosa really does present ideas, and in a style that has originality, clarity and wit. If the plot depends too much on coincidence, and the suspense falters before the end, these are only minor flaws.



Morgan has an instinct for fundamental values, for the unchanging verities. He can evoke for the reader in grim detail the depressing atmosphere of London today with all its petty racketeering and violence. Yet at the same time he knows this is nothing new, that it is all as old as sin itself. As he says, "The razor boys had carved Peter Abelard, gang war had done for Kit Marlowe, Capone's Chicago was only Villon's Paris writ large." He is a relentless opponent of the sentimentality which persistently colors modern thinking. He is aware of the guilt of the vast multitude of indifferent people who do no real evil but who are too weak to fight against it. He refuses too much sympathy to the "little men," the victims of those who are both strong and evil—"so palpably they, too, lacked any inner order; so clearly they only wished for a little more cleverness and initiative to put them among the victors. One must not pity the underdog just because he had not guts enough to be top dog."

Rosa is a thought-provoking book and Bryan Morgan a promising writer.

MARY BURKE HOWE

THE CANON OF THE MASS: Its History, Theology and Art

By Jerome Gassner, O.S.B. Herder, 404p. \$5

That this work was written in English and published in the United States might be advanced as proof that serious liturgical study is achieving "naturalization" in our midst. Unfortunately for this contention, it must be reported that the European-born author of this work, having taught for six years at St. Gregory's Abbey, Oklahoma, has already returned to lectureship posts at San Anselmo, Rome. His "American period" is at least marked by the publication here of what were doubtless his Oklahoma lectures.

"This work may not be described as an easy book," writes Abbot Mark Braun in its Foreword, "which in a rapid reading gives the reader a ready understanding of the Canon. It contains too much solid matter for such facile digestion" (iv).

There are other factors, also, that make the book somewhat hard to classify. Its subtitle, taken literally, would imply that this is a threefold study: purely historical, systematically theological, liturgically artistic. With the possible exception of the last-named objective, these goals (it seems to me) are not achieved.

If I had only the book to guide me in naming it, I think I should style it *Lectures on the Canon of the Roman Mass, Particularly with Reference to Its Rich Scriptural Background*. The author is at his best in drawing upon an almost inexhaustible fund of Scriptural data, and bringing it to bear in illustrating phrases and stages of the sacrificial process recorded in the Roman Canon. As history, the book fails for lack of adequate presentation of known sources; as theology, it seems to lack the balance of precise adjustment into the full system of Catholic thought.

For those whose needs are supplied from the full stream of Catholic scholarship, however, this work offers much information, many reflections and considerations drawn from "the broad historical background of the Old Testament hymns" (104), and for this it is valuable.

GERALD ELLARD, S.J.

THE ROAD AHEAD

By John T. Flynn. Devin Adair. 160pp. \$2.50

Inconstancy, thy name is not John T. Flynn; *The Road Ahead* plays only slight variations on its author's ancient theme.

In the space of fifty years, Mr. Flynn argues, the Fabian Socialists have destroyed the virile organism which was

Great Britain; under the Laborites, freedom is gone and material welfare is no more secure. The Fabian technique, employed by the Social Planners, is, in John T. Flynn's opinion, leading America along the same path—to socialism and to ruin.

The essential general tactic is to shun the socialist label and to introduce socialist measures piecemeal. Specific tactics call for drawing the labor unions into politics and propagandizing them with schemes of government-sponsored welfare; for capturing or destroying the Democratic party (this, the author asserts, has already been effected in the North through the unions, and is the real objective of the civil-rights program in the South); for popularizing their ideology through the influence of churches, schools and all the media of communication. The term of the whole process is socialism pure and simple: "the assumption by the State of the responsibility and authority for the control of the entire economic system."

As Mr. Flynn sees it, the United States has taken several long steps in this direction already: governmental domination of credit and banking, federal enterprise in the power-industry. Further steps, drastic ones, are being agitated even now: socialized medicine, the Spence Bill, the Brannan Plan.

What is to be feared in socialism? The inevitable tyranny and poverty which the author claims have struck even England. The state, he argues, cannot plan without dictatorial controls—no matter how well-intentioned the administrators; and the state cannot underwrite a vast welfare program without huge taxes—taxes which must ultimately negate the welfare program itself. To parry the Planners' attack, Mr. Flynn urges Americans to unite their hitherto scattered resistance, and refuse to take a single further socialist step; they must decentralize government, and return to freedom as the primary value; they must stimulate the private investment which is the lifeblood of a capitalist economy.

Flynn's analysis of Britain's financial skid and the historical parallels which he finds in Germany and Italy are as oversimplified as his insistence that America's productive efficiency is an outgrowth precisely of her freedom. Honesty demands advertence to the criminal waste of our natural resources and recognition of the contribution of World War I to America's financial supremacy.

Mr. Flynn does not adequately demonstrate why individual proposals for welfare legislation cannot be judged on their own merits; he simply assumes that their piecemeal consideration is the artful plot of a radical cabal.

Among his suggested correctives might well have been included a detailed analysis of the deficiencies of capitalism as we have known it, the deficiencies which have driven so many to the left.

Until something of this sort is done, the tendentious spirit of the author's work will render the reader impatient even of such sound cautions as it does rightfully urge.

JOSEPH C. McKENNA

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER: FRIEND OF MAN

By John A. Pollard. Houghton Mifflin. 615p. \$6

His poetry, his religious views and his work for the cause of abolition—these three aspects must be understood and interpreted if one is to have the complete Whittier. Mr. Pollard's biography, as its subtitle indicates, emphasizes this third aspect. Even though Whittier's memory endures rather for his poetry and its simple but sincere embodiment of rural New England, the reader cannot justly criticize this biographer's choice of emphasis. Whittier did spend much of his life in the cause of abolition, and more than once stated that this was his real and important work.

In the matter of amassing facts, Mr. Pollard can be praised. He has carefully gathered data which chronicles Whittier's editorial and political work through several decades. The appendices and bibliography are materials for which the student should be grateful. Finally, the study shows plentiful and rather careful documentation, although here and there a reference is not entirely satisfactory.

Some criticism, however, can be made of the treatment of that aspect of Whittier with which the biographer does largely concern himself. It is not that facts are not mentioned or are overlooked; it is rather that the examination does not penetrate far below the surfaces. Whittier is said to be a humanitarian working for the laboring classes. Yet at the time he was editing a Whig newspaper and writing against Jackson. Mr. Pollard furnishes some explanation of this and other apparent contradictions or inconsistencies by noting Whittier's reliance on Burke's political philosophy. In a biography of this length and kind, however, a longer and more critical evaluation of Whittier's ideas seems called for.

Although the biography stresses Whittier's work as an abolitionist, it has, of course, something to say of his poetry and his religious views. Here again there seems to be a lack of a thorough-going examination. It is not my point to imply that negative attacks



A SOUL OF SILENCE

SISTER ELIZABETH OF THE TRINITY

By
M. M. Am. du Coeur de Jesus, O.D.C.

FOR Sister Elizabeth of the Trinity, the great Carmelite, the indispensable element of her union with God and the basic virtue of her spirituality was silence. "He dwells in me", she wrote, "and I in Him. I have only to love and let myself be loved by Him always, in silence." This study discusses the various aspects of Sister Elizabeth's love of the dynamic power of silence and recollection. \$.50

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should have been made upon the simplicity of either Whittier's poetry or his trust in the "inner light." There is too much of positive good in both his poetry and his Christian faith for easy denigration.

Mr. Pollard is certainly not guilty of that kind of critical naiveté. Yet some closer examination by him might have revealed not merely how the branches of Whittier's poetry, politics and religion were interlocked, but what common stems and roots they had. Moreover, even in a volume which emphasizes political views and action, a better quality of poetic criticism might have been expected. Thus, to say of Whittier, "He set a high value upon the poet's ancient role as *maker* or *doer*," leads one to think that there has been some confusion.

Again, Whittier's religious views are in a general way stated correctly. The poet's faith was fiducial, voluntaristic and non-rational. It was strong, firm and (as might be supposed from the Quaker doctrine of inner light) individualistic. But not much more than that is given; the student of Whittier or of nineteenth-century thought will probably desire more.

Some of this apparent lack of critical depth may be due to Whittier himself. He was not a great poet; his religious beliefs and his economic and political views were oversimplified. There is some completeness in the school-boy's sketch: "John Greenleaf Whittier was a Quaker. He was born in Haverhill. He never married—he hated slavery." Yet Whittier was something more; he was a good and humble man, as not all poets, politicians and theologians have been. "By the grace of God I am only what I am, and I don't wish to pass for more." For that clear sincerity he will always pass for "more."

EDWARD J. DRUMMOND

THE WORD

And this shall be a sign unto you: you shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger.

Betty sighed. "I guess He was the prettiest baby ever born."

"I doubt it," I answered.

"I guess He was the strongest," said Joe.

"I doubt that too," I told him.

They looked at me in a way that showed they doubted me.

"He was God," said Betty, "and God is beautiful." And with that, she rested her case.

"God is strong, too," said Joe; and rested his.

I looked from one pair of brown eyes to the other, wondering how to answer. Presently I asked, "Is God poor?"

They shook their heads vehemently, and spoke together. "He's rich!" cried Joe. "He owns everything!" exclaimed Betty.

I spread out my hands. "And yet He was wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger. Why?"

They pondered.

"To show us that God doesn't care how much money you have, but only how holy you are?" hazarded Betty.

"So that He'd be like most of us, and we'd feel at home with Him?" suggested Joe.

I nodded. "You're both right. And so He could give Himself completely to His Divine Father and make sacrifices for us. And so people wouldn't follow Him for money or worldly power, but only because of His goodness. That's why I think that maybe He wasn't specially handsome, like a movie idol, or specially strong, like a wrestler or boxer or football player. He came to teach us to worship God, not good looks or strength or money; and to love beauty of soul more than beauty of body."

They nodded; and Joe said, "I see what you mean, Dad."

I spoke to Betty. "But He *was* beautiful."

She smiled suddenly.

"He was the most beautiful person who ever lived. But it wasn't because of pretty features or curly hair. He didn't want people fussing about things like that. He wanted them to realize that holiness makes the homeliest people beautiful, and wickedness makes the handsomest people ugly."

I turned to Joe. "And He was very strong. The things He did prove that. The way He died prove it. But His strength wasn't mainly a matter of muscle. It was mostly a matter of love."

"Joe's voice was small and questioning. 'Love, Dad? Love?'"

I put an arm around his shoulder. "For those we love, we can do almost anything, no matter what the handicaps," I told him. "When the One we love is God, we *can* do anything. How do you suppose the poor little Christ Child grew up and did things that changed the whole world? How do you suppose He made Christmas Christmas?"

JOSEPH A. BREIG

AMERICA THIS WEEK, our weekly commentary on the news, Fordham University's FM station, 90.7, Thursday evenings, 7:15 to 7:30.

THEATRE

THAT LADY. If Mae West were starred in Kate O'Brien's play currently domiciled in the Martin Beck, and if the action occurred in a middle-West-Side hotel of shady reputation, the production would be easily recognized as a rather dull sex-drama with a bedroom climax. Since the scene is in sixteenth-century Spain, at the court of Philip II, the story of illicit love assumes the guise of an historical romance. Katherine Cornell is the producer, and she has not spared her purse in providing a handsome mounting for the play, in the way of sets, costumes and capable performers. Guthrie McClintic directed with his usual skill, and Rolf Gérard designed the sets and costumes.

It seems, according to Miss O'Brien's story, that Philip was in love with one of the ladies in his court, who, although she had lost one of her eyes, was nevertheless a rather glamorous bit of femininity. Wanting to make her his mistress, the king saved himself from temptation by getting her married to one of his ministers. When her husband

died, that lady, instead of living in chaste widowhood as the king desired, had an affair with a court Lothario, and the king punished her by having her walled up in her palace.

That's a rough outline of the story, which is rather involved and mixed up with psychology, and doesn't seem to make sense. But with Miss Cornell in the title role, the heroine's motives become intelligible as those of a woman willing to risk her soul to satisfy her hunger for love. Miss Cornell is splendid as the woman eager to prove to herself that her deformity does not make her undesirable. Henry Daniel, as the king, and Henry Stephenson, a Cardinal, are close to perfect.

CLUTTERBUCK. While *That Lady* is a story of illicit affairs in the guise of history, the comedy in the Biltmore is frankly a sex play in modern dress. The scene is aboard a luxury ship cruising tropical seas for the pleasure of the passengers, and a hotel where they stay overnight, apparently to indulge in making passes at other men's wives, and vice versa. Luxury liners, it seems, are outside the Ten Commandments.

Ben W. Levy is the author, and while his play is utterly without suspense and adult interest, his dialog is brilliant in a lazy sort of way. Arthur Marget-

son, a master of pizzicato acting, is starred in the production, and Tom Helmore, a superior light comedian, heads the supporting cast. Ruth Matteson, Ruth Ford and Claire Carleton are adequate in the feminine roles.

Irving L. Jacobs, in association with David Merrick, is the producer, Norris Houghton directed and Samuel Leve designed the sets. Their collective efforts provide a handsome background worthy of something better than a cuckold's convention where men sit in deck chairs and reminisce on pre-marital liaisons.

In juxtaposition, *That Lady* and *Clutterbuck*, which, incidentally, is housed in the Biltmore, are an illustration of what distinguishes a moral from an immoral play. Both plays are what in current vulgate is called sexy. But the people in Miss O'Brien's play have a sense of guilt and an urge toward penitence, while Mr. Levy's characters are moral rabbits.

THEOPHILUS LEWIS

CATHERINE D. GAUSE, graduate of the University of Delaware, has eighteen years' experience in teaching English.

GERALD P. ELLARD is Professor of Ecclesiastical History at St. Mary's College, Kansas.

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FILMS

SAMSON AND DELILAH. To achieve dramatic congruity the story of Samson in the Book of Judges should be treated as the story of a tragic hero in the classic tradition. Operating against this approach would be the screen's persistent but far from respectable preoccupation with spectacle, the fact that in the realistic screen medium it is next to impossible to take very seriously any man attired in a costume predating the advent of long trousers, and the current conception of Samson derived from the sensuous opera rather than from the stark grandeur of the Bible or Milton. It is open to question whether some high-minded genius—Laurence Olivier, who has behind him a screen *Hamlet* and a notable stage success as Sophocles' *Oedipus*, for example, or the French team who produced *Monsieur Vincent*—could have transposed the Biblical narrative with the necessary combination of dignity and vitality. Cecil B. DeMille, whose undeniable talents run in quite another direction, has not even attempted it. Under his aegis the net result of fourteen years of research and a Technicolor production untouched by any symptom of the economy wave is a typical de Mille four-ring circus, compounded of about equal parts of pageantry, sex, brutality and religion, which, for adult consumption, succeeds in being ridiculous without becoming really offensive, irreverent or dull. Everyone living within one hundred miles of a magazine or a billboard probably already knows who is who in the cast. George Sanders, as a sardonically evil tyrant, and the collapsing Philistine temple give the most interesting performances. (*Paramount*)

PRINCE OF FOXES deals with tyranny and freedom, good and evil, in another age which ran to extreme manifestations of both. One thing in its favor is that its story of the eclipse of Cesare Borgia's (Orsen Welles) wicked dreams of power is managed both in performance and direction with a professional and exciting Dumas flourish. Another is that it was photographed in Italy, and the historic landmarks which serve as its sets provide an extraordinarily lovely and tastefully used background. Plotwise it concerns one of Cesare's lieutenants (Tyrone Power) who is sent to the Duchy next on Borgia's timetable of conquest to act as a one-man fifth column. Instead, under the influence of virtue and liberty as exemplified by the old Duke (Felix

Aylmer) and his young Duchess (Wanda Hendrix), he is transformed into a very noble idealist who leads the defense of the city against its would-be oppressor. Following an unusual number of vicissitudes and the fortuitous death of the elderly husband, virtue triumphs and is justly rewarded. The picture has its bloody battles and moments of horror, but its most surprising characteristic is the pure-minded and altruistic tone of its romance.

(20th Century-Fox)

BAGDAD is a highly improbable tale of internecine warfare among the Bedouins and skullduggery in high Turkish places. Neither good enough to be interesting nor quite bad enough to be funny, it is chiefly notable for its Technicolor photography, which advantageously displays Arab princess Maureen O'Hara's apocryphal titian hair and her collection of certified historically non-authentic gowns.

(Universal-International)

THE LADY TAKES A SAILOR describes in farcical terms the sad plight of a career girl (Jane Wyman) whose personal and professional reputation depends on proving that she was actually shipwrecked on the bottom of Long Island Sound with a strange man (Dennis Morgan) in a strange under-seas craft. Since her adversary turns out to be Naval Intelligence sitting on a top secret, she is faced by practically insurmountable obstacles. The same is true of the cast in their attempts to make the labored, meandering and often squalid complications seem comic.

(Warner Bros.)

MOIRA WALSH

PARADE

(PLACE: THE CITY OF SMYRNA in Asia Minor. Time: The year 110 A.D. . . . Occasion: Melito, a youth of twenty, has just arrived in Smyrna from Sardis, his native city, to visit his cousin of the same age, Irenaeus. They are conversing in the home of Irenaeus). . . .

Melito: Irenaeus, we in Sardis have heard much concerning your great bishop, Polycarp; how he lived with the Apostle John and knew others also who saw and heard the Lord.

Irenaeus: You have heard correctly, Melito. Polycarp is one of the great historic links between the Apostles and the rising generation. Even as a child I loved to hear him tell of his discussions with the Apostle John.

Melito: Never would I tire listening to this.

Irenaeus: Nor I, Melito. I still thrill as he reports the words of John and of the others concerning the miracles and teaching of the Lord Jesus.

Melito: I am eager to meet this thrice-blessed presbyter.

Irenaeus: Let us visit him. Since I am his pupil, he will receive me unless he is excessively busy. (The two youths walk to the residence of Polycarp. . . . A servant appears. . . .)

Irenaeus: (to servant): I crave a word with the bishop.

Servant: He is busy presently with a group of children, telling them about the birth of the Lord Jesus. Come in; wait for him to finish. . . . (The youths, upon entering, perceive some fifty children listening intently as the future martyr, Polycarp, addresses them). . . .

Melito: Irenaeus, we are hearing a voice that fell not so long ago on the ears of the Apostle John. (The address comes to an end. . . . The children scamper out. . . . Irenaeus introduces Melito to Polycarp). . . .

Polycarp (after welcoming Melito to Smyrna): I was just telling the children about the birth of the Lord.

Melito: We could hear you, sir. I suppose the Apostle John related many things on this subject to you.

Polycarp: Ah, yes, many things. You see, the Blessed Mother told him what happened in the cave.

Melito: Revered sir, how did the Blessed Virgin feel when she saw her Son for the first time.

Polycarp: She disclosed to John that an indescribable joy and happiness flooded her whole being; a joy and happiness which transcended anything known on earth. She knew who the Infant was. In her arms, she was holding her God who was at the same time her Son. Lovingly yet reverently, she kissed Him.

Melito: And what, sir, about Joseph?

Polycarp: The Blessed Mary said she could never forget the look of awe on Joseph's face.

Melito: Was she surprised by the entrance of the shepherds?

Polycarp: Indeed she was. For a long time they knelt with bowed heads near the manger without explaining their presence. She could not imagine how they found out about the Infant. Eventually, however, they stood up and told Mary and Joseph about the angels. . . . Well, son, I have some converts waiting for me. . . . Irenaeus, bring your cousin to see me again before he returns to Sardis.

Melito: I will be so happy to come (Farewells are said. . . . The two youths leave the residence of Polycarp; walk back to the home of Irenaeus).

JOHN A. TOOMEY

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